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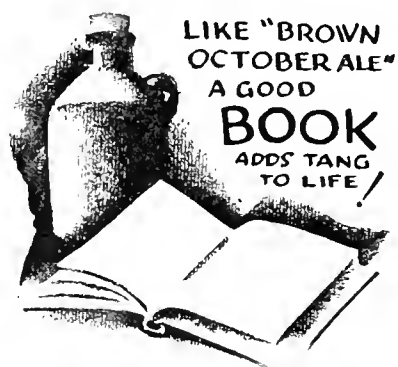
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WELCOME OHIO



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WRIGHT

On the Square

GREEN

ILLINOIS SIREN

Volume XXV	OCTOBER, 1934	Number 1
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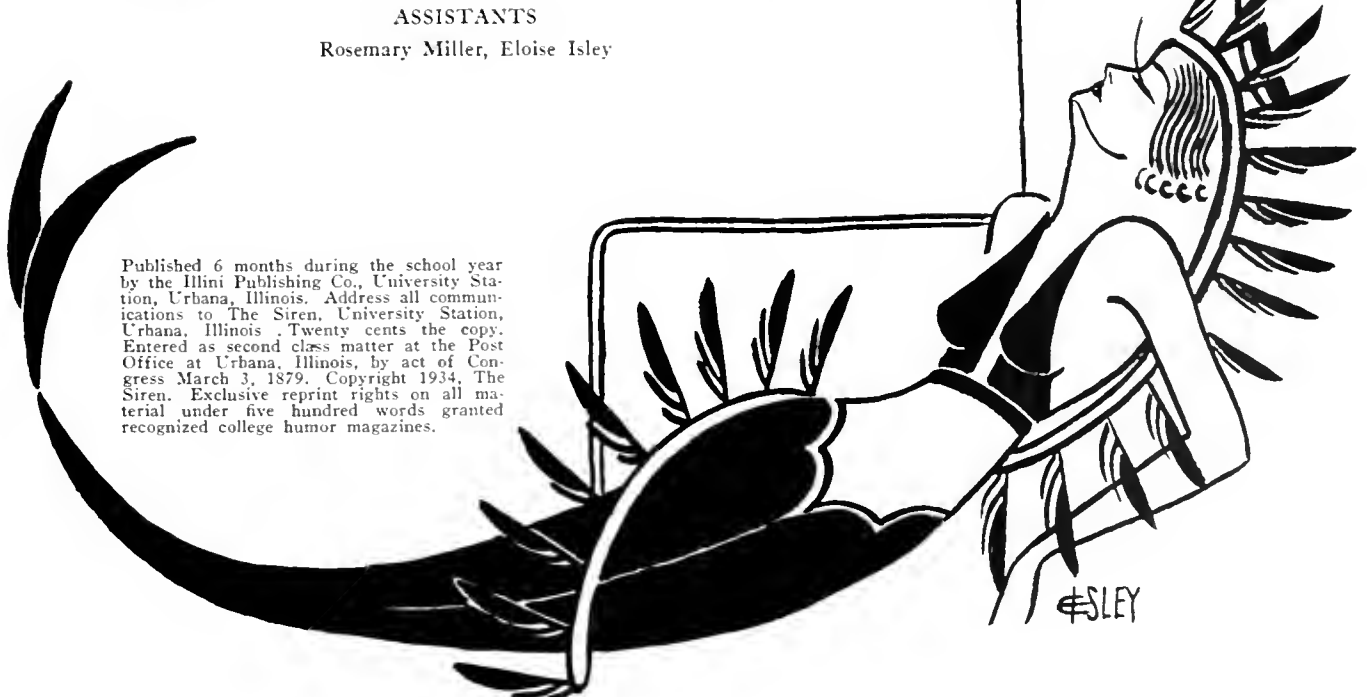
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Published 6 months during the school year by the Illini Publishing Co., University Station, Urbana, Illinois. Address all communications to The Siren, University Station, Urbana, Illinois. Twenty cents the copy. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Urbana, Illinois, by act of Congress March 3, 1879. Copyright 1934, The Siren. Exclusive reprint rights on all material under five hundred words granted recognized college humor magazines.





A PLACE IN THE SUN.

BECAUSE the name "Red" Grange signifies true accomplishment—
 BECAUSE he has probably done more to elevate the name of football to a high plane than any other individual—
 BECAUSE we, in twenty-seven years of "looking ahead" in our particular field, feel worthy to judge and praise the accomplishments of another, we say,
 Our hat's off to you, "Red"

G.R. GRUBB
 ARTISTS • ENGRAVERS
 CHAMPAIGN ILLINOIS & CO.

Technicians have stated that the "close-up kiss" in the movies lasts for four minutes.

Pash E. Nut: Let's play movie!

Repash E. Nut: O. K., baby!

Pash E. Nutt: Hmmm, "I Wish That I Were Twins!"

—S—

Beach romances in the gay nineties must have been "Love in Bloom—ers."—*GUNshot.*

—S—

Co-ed: Were you discreet, my dear?

Roommate: Hell, yeah! We locked the door.

—*Malteaser.*

—S—

Dear Sir: I am engaged to an Alpha Phi. I have been informed that you were seen kissing her. Kindly call at my fraternity house at 11 o'clock Friday night and make an explanation.—*Leo Lure.*

Dear Leo: I have received a copy of your circular letter and will be present at the meeting.—*Whirlwind.*

—S—

First Cow: "Where's the rest of the girls?"

Second Contented Cow: "They're over in the other lot in a bull session."—*Penn. State Froth.*

—S—

The American people are always getting married, having children, or even both.—*Premier Mussolini.*

—S—

The Sign of Good Beer

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20
TAYLOR
TAVERN

On Tap: Griesediek
Old Style Lager

NOON PLATE LUNCHES
Sandwiches of all kinds

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20 Taylor Street

Champaign



Can you take some dictation NOW?

GRANGE *the* GREAT

By HARV HUDSON

RED GRANGE! A phantom of the past . . . A "great" of the present . . . A legend of the future.

RED GRANGE! The *most famous* football player of all time . . . The man who has electrified millions of spectators and stupefied a thousand playing opponents with his elusiveness on the gridiron . . . The idol of every player or would-be player who dons the moleskin symbol of the football field.

Red Grange left Illinois at the close of the football season of 1925. That was nine years ago. His re-appearances have been infrequent; he has returned for only one football game.

But the spirit of Grange has always been present during these long years of absence, hovering silently, ominously over Memorial Stadium—many times referred to as "the House that Grange built." On Illinois football fields "another Grange" is the object of the coaches' never ending quest for material. No one expects that another will be found, but, for that matter, no one expected so many great deeds of Grange when the modest youth from Wheaton reported for freshman practice in the fall of 1922.

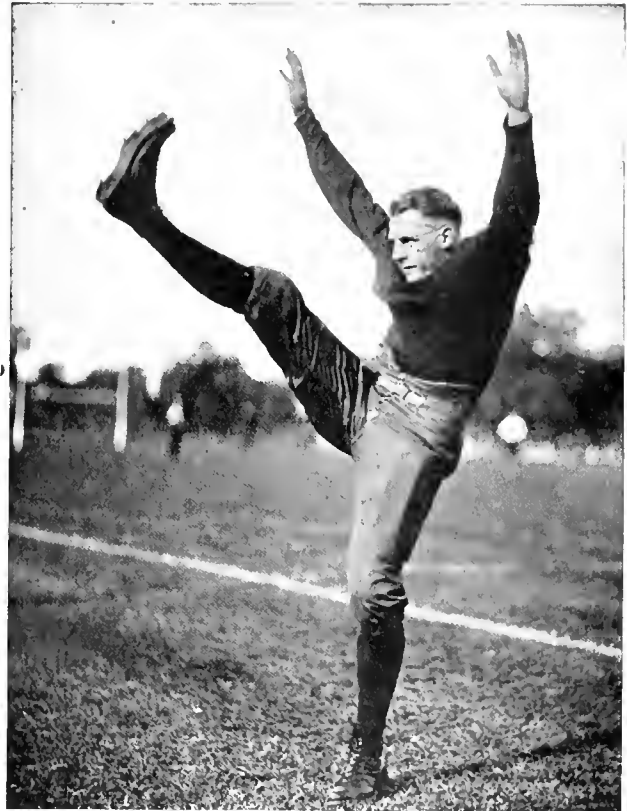
Grange's high school accomplishments in football had been better than average, but he doubted his own ability to make the grade in the Western Conference. When he enrolled he intended to make baseball his major sport. What happened later has been chronicled in detail many times.

Now after an absence of nine years Red Grange is coming "home" to receive what small measure of thanks Illinois can offer him. He will return on Homecoming Day for a reunion with his old teammates—the 38 gallants who paved the way of Red's fame during the three years that the "Galloping Ghost" roamed the gridirons of the nation, and were content to bask in the shadows of the spotlight.

A mass of legend has built up around Grange; how much of it is true can only be conjectured. Enough facts remains as statistical information, however, to insure his place. No one has risen to challenge his position as Illinois' most famous son.

The records show that the Illini Redhead scored 31 touchdowns in 20 games during his three year career with the Orange and Blue. During his senior year, when he was playing at quarterback, he scored only six touchdowns. This may be credited to the fact that in many instances Grange carried the ball to within a few yards of the goal line and then called a teammate's signal to take the ball across.

Highspots of a career that never lapsed: The dedica-



tion game in Memorial stadium when Grange personally conducted a 39 to 14 rout of the Wolverines with four touchdowns in the first twelve minutes all from long runs. . . . The Pennsylvania game in 1925 when the Eastern critics gathered at Franklin field in Philadelphia to see the Western flash. And the Western flash did not disappoint as he scored three touchdowns and gained 363 yards during the two hour ordeal in ankle deep mud.

After this game, Grantland Rice wrote his oft-quoted poem about "the Redhead:"

Few men may seize a phantom
Who drifts above the chart,
But even spectral phantoms
Must have at least a start;
Men reach to find both missing,
But this is not so strange
When one of them's a shadow,
And one of them is Grange.

Red was chosen All-American halfback for three consecutive seasons; and the choice was almost unanimous. One writer excused his exclusion of Grange from a position by

(Continued on Page 20)

ASK US — WE KNOW

By LOWELL BLANCHARD and NAT COHEN

Editor's Note:—For three years we had 'em—not the hives or this epidemic of chinch bugs—but Cohen and Blanchard. And now again—as in the best of oratory—we take pleasure (why let them take everything) in presenting to you the Campus Scouts.

Dear Editor of the sirene:

I used to be a stoodent at ill. I yam now an aluminum. All my edication i got frum the univercitie. Sume wun ast me to writ how i did illinoise. I didnt no i did anythin i hadnt ot.

All i did wuz to tell a cuple a jokes now und then on the radio. I thut they wuz kinda good. Uh haha, I'm a laughin at some uf them we told yet.

I didn't do Ill. If i did i yam sorrie. Cum to think of it may be i did do Ill. But she had it a cumin cause she shore did me the furst time.

Why when i was a freshman i got a barkin cough at the football games frum eatin too many hot dogs.

My 2nd. yeer an introctur tooled me thut the wurd had an openin fur me. He wuz right. I was in the hole all that year.

The third year, I Got Sick. I was awful sick but no-budy new about it. I came so close to kickin the bucket that i wuz pail for weaks.

The forth yeer was a little bettur. Even thun it wuz all nip and tuck. First i had one nip and then i tuck anuther.

By thut time i fugered that collitch was gittin the best of me. so i cum back to get even. I call that my block and tackle yeer. I ud walk a block and tackle anythin.

I met Cohen and walked two blocks and we tackled an idea and furst thing we noed we wuz on the either waves a tellin jokes. Nobudy laughed much but folks listin in thot it was good sumtimes. Thats what our fan mail said. I still got thut letter, i think.

We stuck on the radio to help fill in time. And We foold em. Ill. wuznt laughin but folks on the air didnt no cuz we had a fonograph record of folks laughin and a guy played it at the radio station and folks a listenin in thot we wuz goin great guns. I guess we did em all rite and I'm still wunderin whither i had ot to uv tolled u or not.

But my mind is nut so heavie as it wuz sins i tolled u and i hope you ur the same.

Yours verie trooly,

Si of Si and Lem

The Two Campus Scouts.

P.S. We wuld a went onto the stage but we had sinus trouble. We couldn't get nobody to sign us. Har, I reckon I'm still a doggoned cutup.

Sigh.

PROLOGUE

We find two old maids taking a tramp in the woods,—when they found the tramp he was dead.

Act 1

As the curtain opens we find our heroine on the campus of the great University of Illinois. Her name is Ima Hound. Now Ima is leading a dogs life but she is fleein from it. She is in love with a chap whose name is Horace Halitoses and his best friend won't tell him.

Act 2

Act two finds our hero and heroine six months later in a daze. They have both decided that the University is an educational speakeasy, so they have taken an aspirin for life's headache and stuffed their ears with cotton.

Act 3

Upon the scene we now find the villian. A very terrible guy by the name of Snatch-em Young. He is a great nephew of Briggam Young. While as an undergraduate Snatch-em took lessons in the art of tattooing, and now he has designs on our sweet little heroine, Ima.

Act 4

The scene is very bleak, algid breezes, burumous skies, and leafless trees that bark at you; this last gag was old but pardon the hairs on the author's jest. It is snowing, and Snatch-em is crooning that old love song to Ima, "I don't snow why, I love you like I do."—Anyway Ima says, "I won't have you so there," and she leaves in a huff, which meant that she didn't luff him.

Act 5

Snatch-em is pretty mad at this turn-down, so he enlists the aid of another villian to grab the gal and hie off to his prairie shack. This chap is a prairie dog proper.

Act 6

We find our heroine in the *clutches* of Snatch-em. He is all *geared* up, but it looks like he won't give the gal a break. At this moment Horace breaks down the door and with a terrific uppercut he floors Snatch-em. Snatch-em bleeds a great deal, so Ima says, "This place is gory," and Horace says, "Praise be to gory," and arm in arm they go out the dory.

Act 7

Since our great institution is a noted matrimonial agency, Horace asks Ima to marry him, and she says "Sure, what have I got to lose?" And now the curtain comes down with a roll, and since they haven't eaten for six months, Ima grabs the roll, and Horace produces some butter—and I guess the author had butter be going.

Curtain . . .

Cops are Funny—Now and Then

By NAT COHEN

Hollywood Boulevard is a very strange place. There are tall buildings and then there are short ones. People with hair dyed blonde, old men, dachshunds, Perrys Brass Rail, chromium-plated fords, Byzantine garages, shops displaying liquors of various vintages, young men of indefinite tendencies, Grauman's Chinese, and Cahuenga Ave which runs into Hollywood Boulevard.

Cahuenga Ave is the place of our story. Art threw some neckties on Cahuenga Ave. As a matter of fact they were Henry Gordon's neckties. Henry Gordon is an artist. He is employed by M.G.M. Henry Gordon and Art live together.

They had bought some very fine wine from a bootlegger friend of theirs that afternoon. Art had said let's get drunk. Henry Gordon said that was perfectly all right with him. So they got drunk.

It was a splendid afternoon. The sun was shining. There were very few clouds in the sky. It was August, and people were quite happy. Henry Gordon and Art had been drinking for nearly four hours when Art started to talk about Henry Gordon's latest girl. Art said,

"I don't like that girl you're going with, Henry Gordon."

Henry Gordon said, "What the hell business is that of yours."

Art said, "Well, she doesn't come from the best of families,"—or something like that.

This made Henry Gordon pretty mad, and he said,

"Well, listen peculiar fellow, you can get out, and get out fast."

And with that, he went to the clothes closet, took all of Art's clothes and threw them into the street. Then Art took all of Henry Gordon's neckties and threw them out into the street. Art ran out and tried to pick up the clothing but some smart fellow in a car beat him to it and *ganufed* them all. Art said later, that *ganufed* in Hebrew meant to swipe.

The Baroness, a girl friend of Art's, happened along at this time in a pretty fine looking Packard. It seemed that she always happened along at the right time. "Well," she said, "Come on, Art, it's rather late and time you went to bed."

So Art climbed in the pretty fine looking Packard and they drove to the Knickerbob Hotel and registered under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hazlitt.

The next morning Art got up about eight o'clock, dressed and walked down Hollywood Boulevard. He walked west for a block and then turned up right on Cahuenga Ave. Then he walked down an alley, skirted the apartment that Henry Gordon lived in, scaled the fire escape and

climbed in at the second floor. He walked down the hall to number four, unlocked the door, took off his clothes and got into bed.

About ten o'clock that same morning, Henry Gordon came home. Apparently he had been out all night. He walked into the bedroom and said to Art, "Hell, peculiar fellow, I thought I kicked you out."

"That's what you think," said Art.

They were great friends. They always said things like that to each other.

Art got up a little later on and said, "My, God, Henry Gordon, I'm hungry as hell."

So Henry Gordon gave him a dollar and told him to go out and get some chop suey. Art put on his pants, some old tennis shoes and a polo shirt and went out to get the chinese dish. Henry Gordon started to work on the portrait of Marion Davies that was over-due, when the Baroness barged in.

When Art came back the Baroness and Henry Gordon were mixing a peculiar drink that someone had shown the Baroness; it was gin and beer. They were proceeding to get rather drunk.

Art said, "What will we eat all this chop suey with?"

Henry Gordon said, "We haven't any knives or forks."

The Baroness said, "Well, let's use your shoe horn."

Henry Gordon thought this was pretty smart, so they got his shoe horn, a couple of paint brushes, and the top to a tobacco can. Then they dumped the chop suey into a fish bowl that didn't have fish as occupants, and then they started to eat.

All at once a great many sirens started to scream outside the apartment on Cahuenga Ave., and Henry Gordon said, "My God, it's a raid!" The Baroness started to swear in German. Art asked her what she was saying, and she said it wasn't a fit thing for a lady to say. Well, in just a very few minutes there was a terrible thumping at the door and that could only mean one thing, "The cops," said Henry Gordon.

"Let's make the Baroness a model quick," said Art.

So Henry Gordon put her on some sort of a lounge and told her to take off her clothes. Then the cops came in. There were certainly a great many of them. They saw Henry Gordon hard at work painting. Art was playing the piano, and it really put those cops in their place. Well they said, "Pardon us for busting in like this Mr. Gordon, but we were looking for a kidnap suspect in this here apartment, and we're very sorry to have bothered you and your friends, and it won't happen again, no sir, it won't happen again. Then they all trailed out bowing and they really acted like gentlemen.

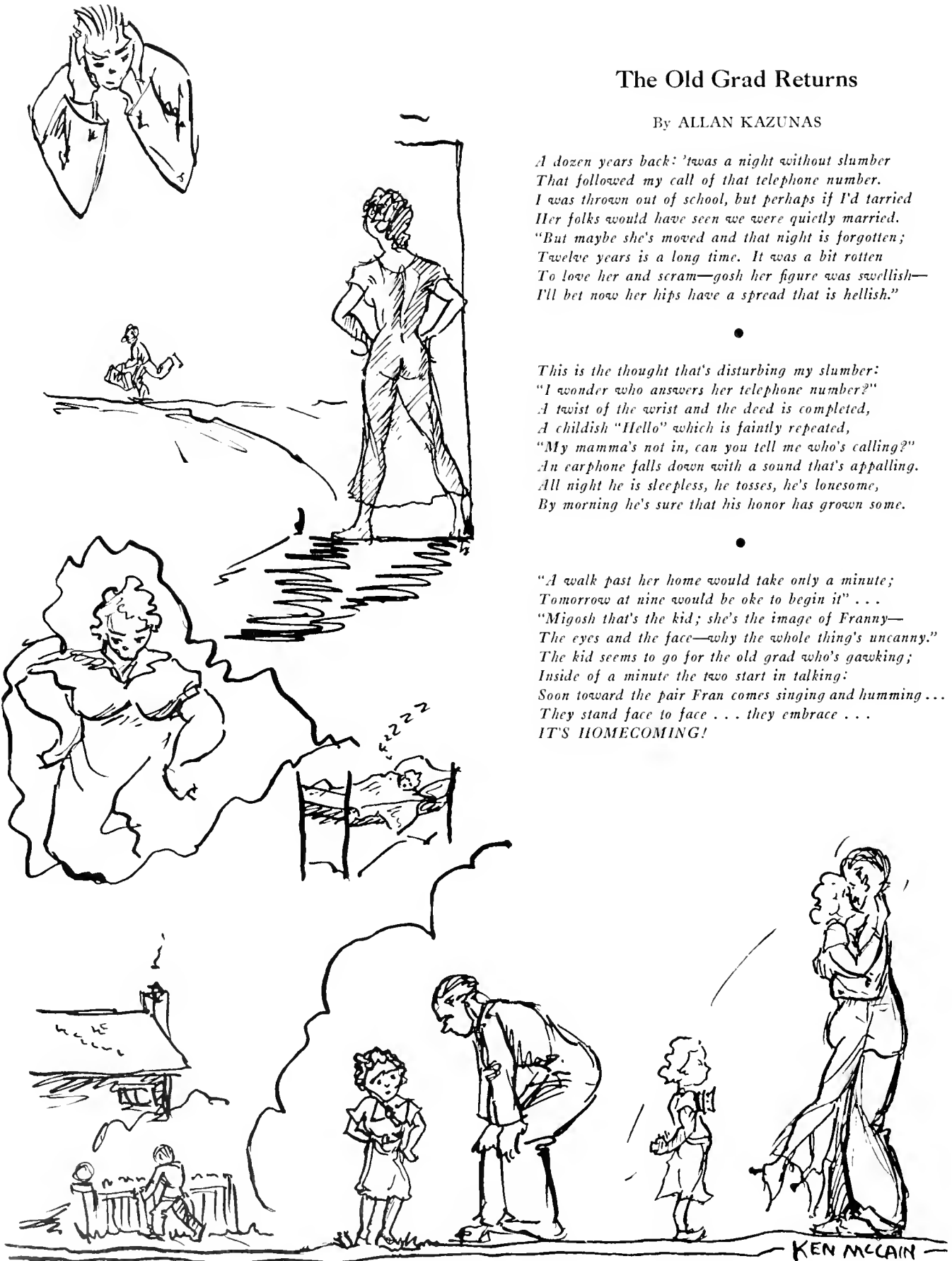
The Old Grad Returns

By ALLAN KAZUNAS

*A dozen years back: 'twas a night without slumber
That followed my call of that telephone number.
I was thrown out of school, but perhaps if I'd tarried
Her folks would have seen we were quietly married.
"But maybe she's moved and that night is forgotten;
Twelve years is a long time. It was a bit rotten
To love her and scam—gosh her figure was swellish—
I'll bet now her hips have a spread that is hellish."*

*This is the thought that's disturbing my slumber:
"I wonder who answers her telephone number?"
A twist of the wrist and the deed is completed,
A childish "Hello" which is faintly repeated,
"My mamma's not in, can you tell me who's calling?"
An earphone falls down with a sound that's appalling.
All night he is sleepless, he tosses, he's lonesome,
By morning he's sure that his honor has grown some.*

*"A walk past her home would take only a minute;
Tomorrow at nine would be oke to begin it" . . .
"Migosh that's the kid; she's the image of Franny—
The eyes and the face—why the whole thing's uncanny."
The kid seems to go for the old grad who's gawking;
Inside of a minute the two start in talking:
Soon toward the pair Fran comes singing and humming . . .
They stand face to face . . . they embrace . . .
IT'S HOMECOMING!*



Aunt Budelia's Corner

(The oft-time jilted Aunt Budelia and her staff of heart broken assistants are here to serve all whose hearts are heavy.)

DEAR AUNT BUDELIA:

The only thing that keeps my marriage from being ideal, is a habit of my husband's. He comes home when I least expect him, and since there is only one door to our apartment, the other man sometimes has to stay under the bed all night. This is most inconvenient. What shall I do?

BUSY HOMEMAKER.

DEAR BUSY HOMEMAKER:

We have just the thing for you. Upon receipt of the nominal sum of \$62.50 our Distraction Department will send you a life-like robot of Jean Harlow to plant by the front door. When husband enters, robot gets to work, and your worries of interruptions from husband are over. We guarantee these to have real Harlow appeal for at least one hour—time enough for any one to sneak out the window.

AUNT BUDELIA.

DEAR AUNT BUDELIA:

At a party I met a young man that I fell for immediately. I decided that here was an opportunity to apply your earlier advice that the way to hold a man is to play "hard to get." We were friendly until we were leaving the party. Seven of us got into one car, and to make more room, the young man put his arm around the back of the seat. Remembering your advice, I pulled away and said, "Oh, no, you don't!" After that, he was very cool to me. How can I regain this Adonis?

HEARTBROKEN.

DEAR HEARTBROKEN:

You have made a great mistake. The only time Aunt Budelia ever said "Oh, no, you don't!" was when a gentleman friend made a break for the door. I beat him to it, locked the door and said "Oh, no, you don't!" This is the only situation where you may use this phrase with success.

AUNTIE B.

DEAR AUNT BUDELIA:

When I lived in Champaign I was always very popular with the College boys. Out west here I can't make any time with even the cattle punchers. How can I be popular again?

WARM BUT LONELY

DEAR WARM BUT LONELY:

I cannot understand your predicament. You are the first woman I ever heard of who was warm and lonesome at the same time.

AUNT BUDELIA.

TOSSING THE BULL

"Hey, Mama, look, look, I can tell which one of them is the bull."

"Junior, not so loud, everyone's looking, keep still."

"Hey, Mama, I know how to tell a bull when I see one."

"Junior, keep still, or I'll take you home this very minute."

"Hey, Mama, wanna know how I can tell the bull, huh?"

"You just wait till I get you home, you little brat."

"Hey, Mamma, sure I know how to tell a bull when I see one. See Mama, there's one. Wanna have me tell you Mama, how I can tell, huh, Mama?"

"Junior, please keep still, Mama will get you anything if you'll please be quiet."

"Well, Mama, I can tell by the ring in his nose, that's how, see Mama."—*Kitty Kat.*

—S—

If Cleopatra made Mark Anthony the mark he was, if Julius Caesar made Brutus the brute he was, who made Lydia Pinkham the pill she is?—*Buffalo Bison.*

—S—

Doctor: Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

Student: That was no lady. I'm a Beta.

—*Oklahoma Aggievator.*

—S—

Prison Visitor—"And what's your name, my good man?"

Prisoner—"9742."

Visitor—"Is that your real name?"

Prisoner—"Naw, dat's just my pen name."

—*Exchange.*



Came the Don

BROAD



HOMECOMING AGAIN, my chicks, and ump-teen hundred alums back to see what it feels like to drink legal beer in Prehn's and spike cokes in Hanley's with the bottle right out in full view . . . to find out why tha—dickens their nephews and third cousins weren't pledged . . . to moan about "the band ain't what it used to be without Dvorak" . . . to get lost in their old hangouts the Illini ed office and Park now that they're all dressed up . . . and worst of all to discover that the inspiration of journalists for years back, those sacred writings on the wall in the old scout office, are vanished.

It must 'uv been a good season for lawyers or politicians last year. All the old back-slappers are around again with joint headquarters in the Law Building and Hanley's—Larry Ball (no flies on that boy—when the old party wouldn't back him he just organized a new one), Mort Wilbur (is this getting to be a permanent institution?), Monte Smith, Bill Arnold, Gay Knappenberger, Kent Leeper, Cocky Clark, Howie Blue, Ted Durfee, and George (Jinx) LaKaff.

We hate to bring up the subject again, but just a word of commendation to the Kappas and Phi Delts for the smoothest (or dirtiest) rushing this fall. The bungalow boys pulled a fastie—at least *they* think they did—when they got Joe Carson in spite of Sigma Chi brother and father, and the KKG's are still all puffed up about pledging Lillian Moss, granddaughter of a Gamma Phi national founder.

Now that Billy Arnold is back on the campus (we mentioned it before, but we're getting paid this time) the gals over at the Pi Phi house are waiting to see who's going to have the famed SAE pin next. A little slow this year, Bill, but we understand—what with the quota system and *so many, many* Pifys to choose from.

Which reminds us that Elsie Rinearson finally gave back Sody's Sig Alph badge—after having a Sigma Nu (Northwestern) pin for the past two years.

We want to know—are Curly Ferguson and Johnny McDaniels married or are they not? Everybody's been giving the AOPi's credit for marrying off six sisters last spring including said Curly, and now she says it was all a big mistake (we don't doubt *that!*) The latest story is that Curly and Johnny were nothing more than innocent bystanders when Lois Littlejohn and Morrie (Shadow) Utt were united in holy matrimony. Don't raise your eyebrows—it *is* possible. Johnny, by the way, is now travelling for General Electric—maybe **THEY** think he's a live wire.

Shame on you, Fred Clark and Wils Gaddis! After all you heard in Journ School about the nasty Hearst papers, we never thought you'd be little Hearstlings. If you haven't heard, folks, Fred is working for William Randolph in the N. Y. advertising department, and J. Wilson is going sensational for the Omaha Bee-News. Fred's gone back to woman-hating again—and that includes all last year's AOPi pledges.

And here's the story of a little Phi Delt who thought he was a smoothie because he dated two girls in the same house—to one he was Frank Wilmer and to the other Morrill Wilmer. Got found out tho, and now his name is MUD even if the student directory still calls him Frank Morrill Wilmer, Winfield.

We don't know whether Harry Rush thought he was living up to Phi Psi traditions or impressing his date when he tore up five dollars and burned a hole in a ten dollar bill one night at the Tavern—, what a fuel, what a fuel!

Our old pal Carl Russell is working for Armours in Chi now—not killing little pigs, we hope—and the Fiji badge still hangs next to Ellen Westphal's Theta pin. Not the first Theta pin it's been with, but Carl agrees with the afore-mentioned SAE in at least being faithful to one house.

A lot of people are still wondering why the Liberty Bond in Liberty Bond Pettrue. Here's the lowdown—it seems that in the Liberty Bond campaign during the World War it was announced that the first baby born after a certain date would have a bond put in its own name—providing it was named Liberty Bond, and little Miss Pettrue was the lucky baby. A coupla more pledges like that, and there'll be a new house over on Nevada street.

Mighty tough on the ladies here having Frank Swann way down in St. Louis at Washington U, but he promised to come back next year (that's s'posed to increase the 1935 enrollment). Incidentally, the Phi Delt pin is back home again, and Swann in a burst of originality admitted that he and Julie are now "just good friends."

The Phi Delts aren't the only ones who think they're smooth around here. Wallie Grear, Sig Alph, has been dating a Kappa Delt town girl and as a part of the bargain drives her Ford V-8. Which was all very agreeable with Frances until Walter decided to keep the car and change the Kappa Delt. (Another smoothie just a little rough around the edges.)

Well, Mitti Ruth and Huddie went and done it, and now there's another Mr. and Mrs. Hellmich in the St. Louis directory. Maybe Mitti Ruth gave Sister Caldwell a few pointers on the strangle-hold technique—we hear Howie

(Continued on Page 15)



For your entertainment • • •

DANCING

Bradley Hall, over Hanley's on Wright, Champaign.
College Inn, Fourth and Green, Champaign.
Park, over Prehn's -on-Green, Champaign.
Robeson Roof Garden, 125 West Church, Champaign.

DINING, COKE 'N SMOKE

Green Tea Pot, 617 East Green, Champaign.
Hanley's, 713 South Wright, Champaign.
J. C.'s Coffee Shop, 1118 West Oregon, Urbana.
Kamerer's, 602 East Daniel, Champaign.
Kamerer's Annex, 608 East Daniel, Champaign.
Kamerer's, 801 South Lincoln, Urbana.
Midway, 904 South Fourth, Champaign.
Prehn's-on-Green, 601 East Green, Champaign.
Prehn's-on-Daniel, 614 East Daniel, Champaign.
Prehn's-on-Oregon, 1111 W. Oregon, Urbana.
Southern Tea Room, 624 East Green, Champaign.
Tavern, 512 South Neil, Champaign.

Our college life is never dull
Begins with "Sorry, sections full,
You'll have to take an eight o'clock"
Goes onward with the yearly stock
Of opening gags professors pull
No, college life is never dull.

Those deadly hours from one to three
When pledges in the lib you'll see
Those brighter spots from nine to one
On week-end nights are much more fun
If it were not for the books we mull
Our college days would not be dull.

Ain't It The Truth

Lovely lips
And swaying hips.
Bourbon whiskey
And poker chips.

Dense blue smoke
And shaded lights.
Chorus girls
In yellow tights.

Glasses clinking
A piano's din.
Cigarette stubs
And dregs of gin.

Tender caresses
And others too.
A jazz band murmurs
The tune "Sweet Sue"

Dancing couples
Reel on the floor.
A clatter of dishes
Thru the kitchen door.

High card wild
And haggard faces.
The house man sports a couple of
aces.

Lots of sport
Both nights and days.
But now repeat
Has changed our ways.

But—to hell
With the dens of iniquity.
Praise God
For a life of simplicity!

—Mark

SPORTS

Football

Oct. 13—Ohio State here.
Oct. 27—Michigan at Ann Arbor.
Nov. 3—Army here.
Nov. 10—Northwestern at Evanston.
Nov. 17—Wisconsin at Madison.
Nov. 24—Chicago at Chicago.

SCREEN

Rialto

Madame Du Barry, presenting Dolores Del Rio as the woman who took the king, his court, and all France for a sleigh ride.

Cleopatra starring Claudette Colbert and Warren William. A spectacular De Mille production.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, with Pauline Lord as Mrs. Wiggs and a long string of stars which includes W. C. Fields, Zasu Pitts, Evalyn Venable, and many others. A show for those from six to sixty.

STAGE

Oct. 30—Richard Crooks, tenor. A Star Course number.

Nov. 2-3—*The Mad Hopes*, Mr. Wesley Swanson, director. "— Funny concoction — gay and and charming."—*New York Telegram*.

Nov. 26—Father Bernard Hubbard, Alaskan explorer. A Star Course number.

Hi! fellows—

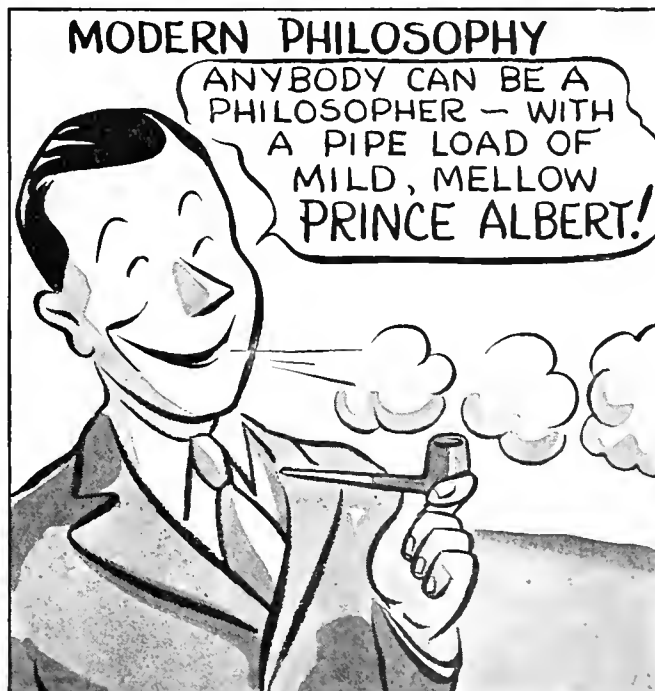
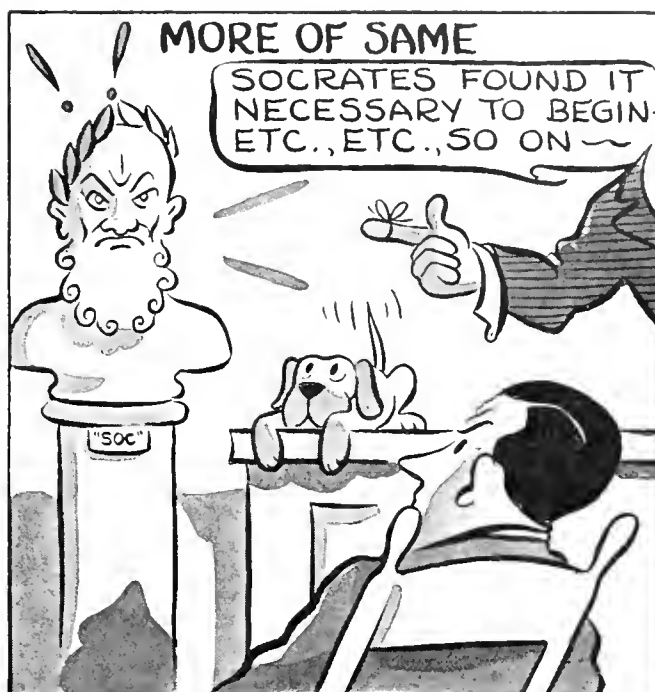
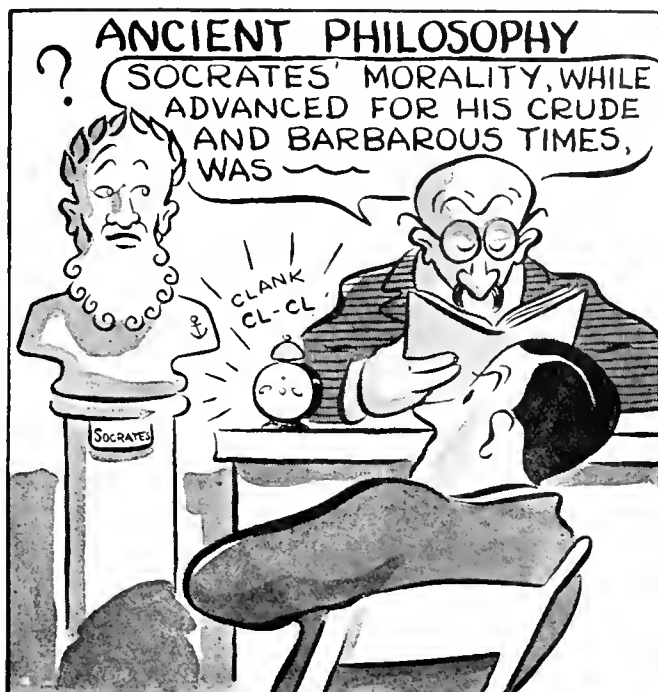
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THAT MAKE YOUR
MOUTH WATER AND
STILL KEEP THE
POCKET BOOK LOW

Can be had at the

Majestic Cafe

ON MAIN STREET
West of I. C. Station



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PRINCE ALBERT earned its title, "The National Joy Smoke" by being a blend of the choicest, top-quality tobaccos—tobaccos from which all the "bite" is removed by a special process. That's why Prince Albert is such a cool, mild, and mellow smoke. Try it! One pipe load of Prince Albert will open up new vistas of pipe pleasure for you!

PRINCE ALBERT

*the
national
joy smoke*



Campus Togs—

By JUNE PARSONS

IT'S ALL OVER NOW. The almost endless Illini summer-clothes season that starts sponsoring white shoes in January and tolerates linen suits till Homecoming has really come to an end, so ship all the remains of a gay August back home in the laundry kit and get into the tweed and plaid swing.

And right here and now, let's send a vote of thanks to the British Isles for those perfectly swell rugged English tweeds and bright Scotch plaids that need practically no pressing, comparatively little cleaning, wear like iron, and never lose their casual sporty air.

Nothing better for campus than a suit of dark-background tweed with gayly colored nubs to liven it up—and you can get all sorts of different effects with contrasting or harmonizing sweaters and blouses. Something a little different in the tweed suit line—a monotone colored skirt (green, rust, or maroon) combined with a three-quarter length swagger coat in a loudly checked material. The coat can be worn either straight or tightly belted to give the much-desired Cossack effect.

If you're built on a stream-line design, you're built for plaids and don't have to worry about them. But—if you're the type that forgets about hips and waistline until you find yourself looking like Joe Hefty, the football flash, in anything big and plaidy, steer clear of it. Satisfy your Scotch side some other way—unless you're lucky enough to find one of those smart plaid frocks cut on the bias—the effect is very slenderizing.

Buttons are the most important single detail this fall, which is unfortunate because they have to be sewed on. You won't even mind that though on the cute tailored shirtwaist dresses that button clear down the front—they come in wool for classroom wear and black satin for Sundays and informal dates.

Largish hats for suits and fall dresses—but beware of the big brim or over-sized beret if it's got to last you all season—it's liable to interfere with the fur collar on your winter coat. In general, hats are on the up and up this year—brims tilt up, feathers point perkily upward, and the smartest lines swoop up from the face.

And then, of course, since we only go to school to pass away the time between week-ends, we can't forget long dresses—the smooth satin tunics, luscious velvets (incidentally printed velvets are very much *in* for sport and afternoon wear), and our all-year-round favorites sleek crepes. There's a simple, Greta Garboish trend very evident in after-eight styles.

Not enough room to tell you about all the rest of the swanky things waiting for you right in town—so just trot down and see them yourselves—and wish that you had saved a little more of this year's clothes allowance!

—S—

To the Men—there are about five of you to every girl on the campus. Are you one of the four that sits home every week-end night while a couple of dumb blokes get to all the shows and dances in town *with* a date?

We aren't offering you advice to the lovelorn or loveless, but here's the *Siren's* tip on how to make at least one woman (we don't guarantee which one) conscious that you sit next to her in Poli Sci or even two rows over in history lecture: Clothes make the man!

Yah, we know you've heard that plenty before—well, then do something about it. Even if you do look like *Esquire* when you're all dressed up Saturday night, how is the blonde to your right going to know it if you come to class in 1932 cords, with your elbows sticking out of your sweater, and your shoes covered with last week's dust?

You want a date with the best-looking and best-dressed girl in the class—and you can have it nine times out of ten if you'll show her that you know how to dress too. She doesn't ask you to turn sissy—she just wants to be proud of being with you whether it's at her house formal or only in Hanley's for a coke.

Cords are always in style. But make it one of those corduroy suits that really look good—they fit well, feel comfortable, and stand long, hard wear. *Kaufman's Inc.*, are sponsoring them in town at prices all of you can afford.

If you've got to wear a sweater, do that too. Twin sweaters in angora are mighty nifty for right now and all winter. The under sweater is a sleeveless slipover, and the top one is a long-sleeved cardigan (they can be worn separately and come in about any color combinations you want.)

The new rough knitted ties in all colors are knockout with tweeds and homespuns—they're the best thing you can wear on campus and are suitable for informal dates. The broad regimental-striped ties are good-looking too, especially with a serge or wool suit—they add a lot of color to a plain dark outfit. Stop in and see them at *Kaufman's*.

You'll be wearing topcoats to classes pretty soon. They're all Eastern style this year with full single-breasted lines and loose flowing sleeves. You've got to wear them belted tightly to get that sporty effect.

Just try coming to classes dressed up like a human being for a week, and see if your stock doesn't go up 100%.

(Continued from Page 11)

Hartman is losing resistance and another Chi Omega is about to "get her man."

Another house gone under, and not even the quota system could save it. The w.k. Tri Gamma Delta (the Capitol to those in the Know) is no more, the only "100% Mortar Board house on campus" is just a memory, and the student council is looking for a new meeting place. Charter members Frese, Muir, Filson, and Hill couldn't find any big enough shots to rush this year, and the Gammafis got selfish and made their one b.w.o.c. move back to the Nevada Annex. Diploma or no diploma, Almy has come back to work in Kaufman's College shop (do they *have* to have those things down here too?)

And who hasn't heard about the break in the much discussed Bill Day-Nancy Riley romance? William L. hasn't found a job yet—mebbe no one's told him what a future he'd have down here now that everyone thinks Nancy lost most of her 40 pounds on account of him.

We understand that when Rex Newcomb gets the local political question all straightened out he's going to write a book, "Secrets of a Heartbreaker" with several chapters devoted to his love-life in sunny Cal last summer. Atta boy, Rex, and don't forget to tell the folks about stepping on Dolores Del Rio's foot at Cocoanut Grove.

(Continued on Page 16)

*"The time has come'
The walrus said"
He actually was quite clever
He meant that you
Should really have your
Pictures done by WEBER.*

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6th & John

Another Illini Tradition —

KAUFMAN'S again welcomes you and offers to aid you in choosing the best in men and women's apparel.

These men are now at your service:

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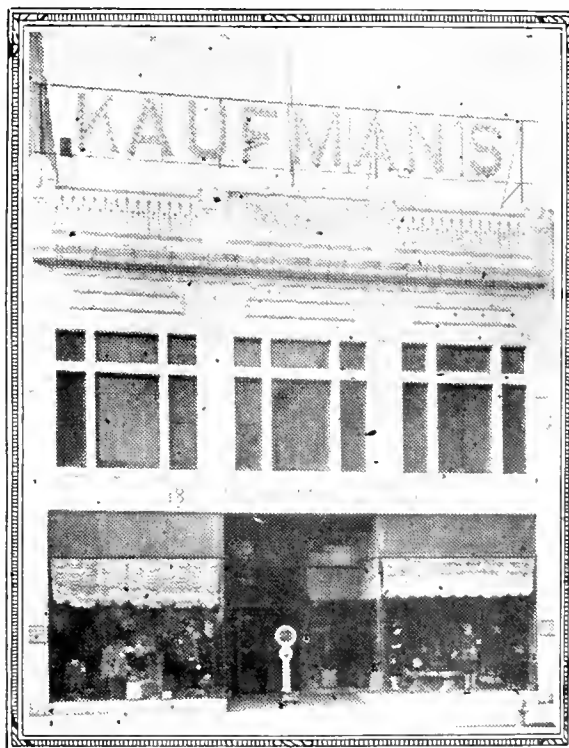
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Our Beauty Salon cannot be beaten in the twin-cities for its skillful operators.

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Downtown — Champaign

AT THE END OF THE OLD ILLINI TRAIL



DEAR MOTHER:—

Just love it at Illinois—I am not going to bother you this year by sending home my laundry—I can save 20% by using the White Line

LAUNDRY DEPOT
808 S 6th St

cash and carry service—that's the place I send all my dry cleaning and pressing—hope you are well—am studying hard and we have a swell gang in the house this year.

I'll write every week
Love
Harry.

P.S. As house manager I am sending all the laundry to the White Line too.

University Avenue TAVERN

DINTY MOORE — JOHN GILBERT



Welcome Alums

We say our steaks are not a bit high—just come from tall steers.

Say those sandwiches with our famous brew are really meant for you.

Yes, the sidewalks are white-washed and lead to the main entrance—



106 East University Ave.
PHONE 6-1145

What, another SAE? Yah, it's Doc Henry back in school again. He was really only visiting down at the U of Alabama—but one morning he woke up and found himself registered in school—like a good steward he stuck it out for a semester. Welcome back, Doc.

Johnnie Strohm is supposedly pining away for Dottie Birkett—and there's no one like a Tri Delt to help you pine, Johnnie.

More wedding bells—for Horse May and Jean Roeder. They're living in Minneapolis where Horse works for U. S. Gypsum Co.—after finally giving up his floorwalker job in Mandel Bros. lingerie department. Brother Bob's also in the gypsum business (double meaning not intended) and is more than mildly interested in one, Buffy Setchell, Kappa bigwig a few years back.

Clever girls, those Gammafis, the way they have their pledges getting dates for them. Did we hear someone say "Clever pledges?"

Another Chi Psi sweetheart has stopped limping, and Don Smalle's badge is back at the Lodge again while Ginny Trent makes merry in Washington, D.C. Trent is working for the PWA—hours: midnight til 7 A.M. We beg your pardon—it is office work.

Lym Emrich, Psi U, fiddledefee, and all round bigshot, is Rhodes scholarshiping it in England—the old smoothie has three gals back here in the states waiting for him. And we'd like to know how many little English lassies think they're the one and only just about now.

Kappa Sig pledges learn fast. Way back before classes started six of them had blind dates at one house, and in keeping with the generous spirit of Kappa Sigma piled themselves and the girls all in one cab. Twelve's a new record, isn't it?

What is it the Gamma Phis have that our Illini business managers always go for? Last year it was Franny Pride and Howie Emrich, and now George Zeller has just about hung his Chi Phi pin on Peg Smith. We wonder, does the house get free subscriptions to the World's Greatest College Daily instead of candy?

Deane Coventry (G.E. man in Schenectady) finds eastern women not only too fat but too short—after all, Deane, you're no six-footer yourself.

Harriet Bradbury back in circulation! But just the same we bet she hopes Ralph Seeley (also in Schenectady) feels the same way Deane does about Eastern ladies.

Time to trot off to your little trundle beds on the floor now—and don't forget to smile at all the alums—you may be needing a new house soon (Sigma Kappa's please note.)

Rialto Theatre

Sun. — Mon. — Tues. — Wed.
Oct. 14—15—16—17

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

—STARRING—

W. C. FIELDS

Thurs. — Fri. — Sat.
Oct. 18—19—20

"CRIME WITHOUT PASSION"

By Ben Hecht — Charles Mac Arthur

Soon—"Cleopatra"

Welcome Alumni—

After an exciting game there is nothing
better than to meet your friends and
old class mates

at

HANLEY'S

"Where Friends Meet"

•

STILL — THE CAMPUS' LEADING
CONFECTIONERY — RESTAURANT



- Jim Will -

Kind of Breezy eh, Cap?

Welcome Back Alums

for that 1935

Homecoming



THE TAVERN

John Katsinas

"Still the best place to eat"

•

Neil & Green, Champaign

Long Live October



- Mo. 1—Chapter meetings. Freshman stunts worse than last year.
 Tu. 2—Rain, slickers, and probably Orange and Blue Feathers.
 We. 3—Six classes and a good show in town.
 Th. 4—Probably a lecture somewhere.
 Fr. 5—"—one a tha best fellas in the house and he'd like a date with—"
 Sa. 6—Campus still thrilled by stirring Boy Scout demonstration of two weeks ago.
 Su. 7—"Gotta study." Local theatres packed.
 Mo. 8—Life begins at 8:40. "Wake me at 8."
 Tu. 9—Fire prevention Day. (sponsored by Sigma Kappa and ZTA)
 We. 10—Sorority pledges, AKL's, Beta's study in Library.
 Th. 11—Memo—Get out last year's house decorations.
 Fr. 12—Columbus Day. "What of it?" sez us.
 Sa. 13—Homecoming. Illinois vs. Ohio. SOS—Seven prominent alums lost in Beta Hotel. (we didn't know they had seven.)
 Su. 14—"My Gawd—my head!"
 Mo. 15—Lucky Strike demonstration. Free samples. Students smoke Luckies.
 Tu. 16—Price of hogs goes up. AGR's, Farm House start raising their own.
 We. 17—Students return to Camels and Chesterfields.
 Th. 18—Not another Y. W. C. A. meeting? Goody.
 Fr. 19—FIRST MONTH OF SCHOOL OVER. Independent Council and W. G. S. celebrate with dance in Woman's building.
 Sa. 20—Fraternities honor frosh at pledge dances. Pledges clean house, wax floors.
 Su. 21—Church and organ recitals events of day. Student body goes to movies.
 Mo. 22—No Illini. 5:30 dinner—probably chicken hash (croquettes for the Phi Delt's.)
 Tu. 23—Five Kappa sneak dates in Bidwell's.
 We. 24—Woman's League Tea. Pledges get one activity point and ten cookies. Meet no one.
 Th. 25—Five guilty Kappa pledges have to break week-end dates. Five actives offer to take them (for the house reputation!), but dates refuse.
 Fr. 26—Rain. Also fish. Life is Hell.
 Sa. 27—Michigan at Ann Arbor.
 Su. 28—"And please send my allowance a little earlier this time—I have to buy some more French books."
 Mo. 29—Faculty announces six weeks exams. 978 students buy textbooks.
 Tu. 30—Star Course concert with Richard Crooks. Cut off the s, and the Phi Gams '11 pledge you, Dick.
 We. 31—Halloween. *Children* soap windows.



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IS THE REASON I SMOKE A PIPE...
IT'S THE ONLY MILD PIPE TOBACCO
I KNOW WITH THE RICH TOBACCO
FLAVOR I LIKE"**



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on the stage of beautiful Lincoln Hall
Theatre

- ★ The Mad Hopes
- ★ Tales of Hoffman
- ★ Whistling in the Dark
- ★ Amaco
- ★ The Gondoliers
- ★ The Little Clay Cart

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Lincoln Hall Box Office, Phone 7-1918

SIX GUILD MAJOR
ATTRACTIONS FOR
Single Admissions Fifty Cents

\$2⁰⁰

prices down!

GRANGE THE GREAT

(Continued from Page 5)

saying that "Grange can't pass." The answer to that was "Why should he pass? He's going that way and figures he might as well tote it along." As a matter of fact, he was an excellent passer and could have been a triple threat man but for the fact that Earl Britton's presence in the back-field made any kicking that Grange might do superfluous.

And through it all Red remained a modest youngster. The tale is told that after the Michigan game in 1924, Chicago reporters sought him in the evening. They were told that he had gone to a movie with a freshman. To make certain that they located him, the reporters went to the theater and camped outside the door. When Grange came out, one of the reporters rushed up, saying "My name is Blank of the Chicago Blank." And Red replied: "I'm glad to know you. My name is Grange."

Grange has been many places, and done and seen many things since he left Illinois. But he seems to have carried with him a message from Bob Zuppke. "Zup" calls life a struggle for respect, and insists that all our efforts should be to that end. Certainly Red Grange has held the respect of all who have known him. Most certainly he holds Zuppke's respect, for "Zup" will tell anyone who cares to ask him that "Red Grange is the greatest football player of all time."

S

C H A O S

'Twas nineteen forty and all was well
Most of the alumni had gone to hell.
The women ran business and everything else
The men explored, t'is said for their health.

The Kappa Sigs were running wild
With the Tri-Delts after them;
The Theta's too, were far from mild
As they chased those frantic men.

With clubs and stone they tore along
Up Wright, then left, and now down Green.
Their lustful cry, was the college song,
And a stranger sight has never been seen!

Wild boys with flying hair
Skinny men with torso's bare,
Football heroes with bloodshot eyes,
Driven along by female cries.

All this noise, and all this strife
The worst I ever heard in my life;
'Cause the ratio really had changed again
With 3000 women to 500 men!

—Mark.

Welcome Homecomers — *how does it seem to be back again?*



Lots of the things you were used to are certainly changed now, aren't they? Seen the ILLINI yet? Some paper isn't it . . . better too. You'll find it the best way to keep in touch with the campus. The stories of campus life, the lectures by your favorite professor, the dope on all ILLINI athletics, are all reported daily by the news staffs of THE DAILY ILLINI. It's your only way to get all the accurate information of the campus mailed to you daily. You'll find the ILLINI a real source of reading pleasure . . . Keep in Touch with Illinois! . . . Read The Daily Illini!

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